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History Readers  
(Mc Dougall & John)

The Ryerson Canadian History Readers

LORNE PIERCE, Editor

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JOHN MCDUGALL

By

LORNE PIERCE

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## THE RYERSON CANADIAN HISTORY READERS

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## JOHN McDOUGALL

THE first of that gallant company of Soldiers of the Cross to break the trails of the far North-West was Robert Terrill Rundle, a Methodist missionary who had come out from England. Rundle reached Edmonton on October 17, 1840. He is, moreover, the first white man of whom there is any record to have reached the present site of Banff. During the month of June, 1841, he camped at the foot of the Cascade Mountain. He returned to England in 1848. Two years after his arrival he was followed by the Roman Catholic Missionary Father Thibault, and after that came a noble army of heroes of the faith.

Edmonton in those days consisted principally of a heavy stockade, within which was the Big House, the residence of the Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Before it stood two small brass cannon. The Parliament buildings to-day occupy the site. Far below, on what is now the Ross flats, the Blackfeet and Cree tribes set up their teepees.

As Rundle made his way from Norway House in northern Manitoba he said that "he

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thought of the conduct of Bilboa, the Spaniard, who, on his discovery of the Pacific plunged into the waves and took possession of the ocean in the name of the King of Spain." It occurred to him that, as the first missionary to be stationed in the Saskatchewan country, he should "have rushed into the waters of the Saskatchewan, and taken possession of them in the name of the King of Kings."

Edmonton and Alberta also remain forever associated with the name McDougall. The history of the province of Alberta is full of romance, but of all the pathfinders of the plains there is none more worthy of remembrance than John McDougall.

John McDougall's forefathers were Highlanders, warriors bold and men of strong piety. His father, George McDougall, was a remarkable man and also a missionary. Born in the backwoods of Ontario, accustomed to hardship, with a passion for service, George McDougall soon found himself undertaking a mission to the Indians of Norway House and the plains, which was to lead him to the Rocky Mountains and ultimately to death in a blizzard near Calgary. John Mc-



JOHN McDOUGALL, PATHFINDER OF EMPIRE AND PROPHET OF THE PLAINS, PAYS A VISIT TO AN INDIAN CAMP. THE CHIEF AND HIS BRAVES WELCOME HIM AS GUEST AND FRIEND.

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Dougall was seven years old when his father left for the North-West.

His early years were spent at mission schools. Born among the Indians he grew up with them, knew their language better than his own, learned their games, hunted and fished with them, and was loved by young and old. He received from his play-mates the Indian name "Pa-ke-noh-ka," meaning "The Winner," while his sister was called "Humming Bird" because she cried so much! John's inseparable companion was his brother David. The mission was surrounded by dense woods, and, fearing his younger brother might get lost, he would call out to him: "David! Come on!" The Indian boys heard this call so often that they gave him the nick-name "Dape-tic-o-mon," which was as near as they could come to the English of it. The name stuck to him long afterwards.

Even as a boy John was the companion of his father, on his mission trips to the Indian settlements, guiding the boat up treacherous rivers, or sailing along the shores of Lake Superior. In the winter he took his place in the woods with the choppers, or hauled logs

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and cordwood. His first earnings were fifty cents a day and his board. Part of his savings he spent on a shawl for his mother, and the rest was given to the missionary fund. When fourteen years of age John was sent to Victoria College, at Cobourg, Ontario, to complete his schooling. He was a strapping big lad, and his schoolmates called him "The Indian Fellow." However his prowess won respect for him, for woe betide the boy who might incur his wrath. At the end of the first year at Victoria his father was appointed to Norway House, and John's college days were over. - In July, 1860, the McDougalls began their long journey to the West.

A glance at the map will show what a great distance it was they had to cover. As their chief means of conveyance were boats, they had to cross Lake Michigan, Wisconsin, then sail up the Mississippi to St. Paul; next by stage to Fort Garry, and finally the long and hazardous trip up lakes and rivers of northern Manitoba to distant Norway House. Winnipeg then had but one house, and the Hudson's Bay Company fort.

Here in the far north of Manitoba, among

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the Cree Indians, John McDougall began his remarkable career in the North-West, which was to be the scene of his long years of sacrifice, heroism and empire building.

When eighteen years old McDougall was appointed school master without salary. He esteemed the honour great enough without remuneration. As he was at home in the language of the natives, he not only became very successful in his work, but also bound himself to the Indians by fast ties of friendship. He had eighty pupils who came by canoe and trail in summer, and by dog train in winter.

On holidays McDougall went to the woods with the men to cut logs and firewood, or fished and hunted. In these days homes had literally to be hewn from trees. Even a small garden plot cost an enormous amount of work clearing the land. And as for food, it had to be found in forest and stream.

As Norway House (named after a Norwegian party who halted there for a short time) was the main depot between York Factory on Hudson Bay and Fort Garry, it was visited by the brigades of York boats going and coming. These were practically

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the only diversion in the life of the mission, and when winter set in their isolation was complete. Not far from the mission compound was the Hudson's Bay Company fort where resided the Chief Factor, and to which came the Indians, traders and adventurers. The record of this settlement alone would make a most interesting story. The mission was begun by Rev. James Evans, the man who "taught birch bark how to talk." The story of this remarkable man's life is told in another book of this series.

In 1862 John McDougall's father decided to pay an official visit to the scattered missions of the great District of which he was Chairman. It included all the West from the Red River to the Mountains. John accompanied him, and from that day until his last he rode the lonely trails of the plains.

The McDougalls were accompanied by Richard Hardisty, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who later married John's sister, and ultimately became a Dominion Senator. His route took McDougall up Jack River, on up Lake Winnipeg, Saskatchewan River, past the present site of Prince Albert, and on to Fort Carlton. John

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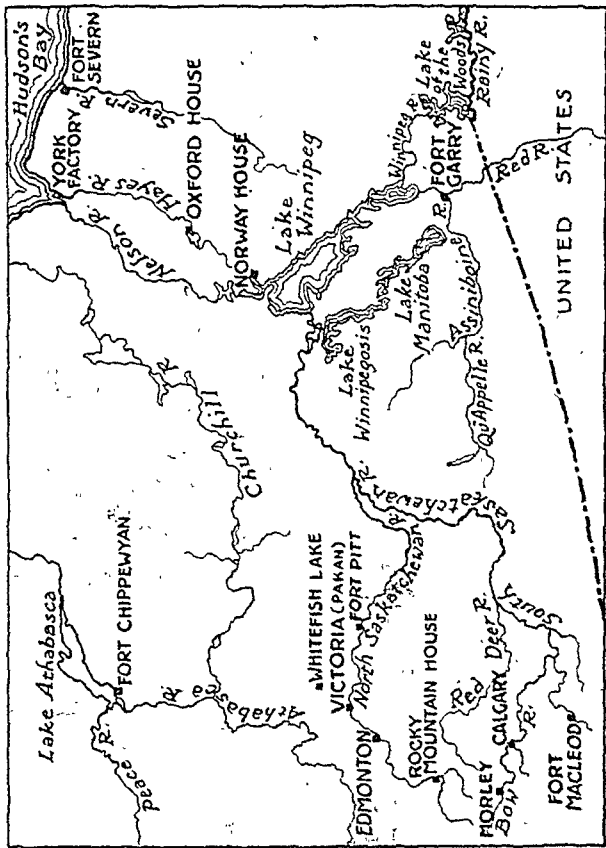
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leaped from the canoe and ran to the fort. Dinner was being served, so he quickly seated himself at the only vacant place at the table, and ate his fill of buffalo steak. Pemmican and dried meat were the usual bill of fare. Pemmican was made from lean meat dried and pounded fine, then mixed with fat. If packed dry it would be preserved for years. As may be imagined, it very often became damp, musty and unpalatable. For better or for worse, however, it was the regular food of the voyageurs. Fresh buffalo meat was therefore as tasty a dish to the young adventurer as apple tart would be to a boy to-day. Having eaten to his heart's content of the luscious buffalo, he asked that the bread might be brought him. How the company laughed, for buffalo meat was the first, last and only course on the menu!

It is difficult for anyone to-day to imagine what these prairies, covered with their rapidly growing towns, were like in those far-off times. The gray plains stretched for endless miles in every direction, the sod unbroken since time began. Deeply worn buffalo trails wound meanderingly from one water hole to another. Along the trails,



THE MISSION FIELD OF WESTERN CANADA, SHOWING THE CHIEF TRADING POSTS, WHICH WERE ALSO THE MISSION STATIONS

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around the drinking places and the salt licks were scattered the bleaching bones of the buffalo. Here and there were the heads of bull buffalo still locked as on that day when they fell in mortal combat. At strategic spots the "forts" of the Hudson's Bay Company were erected, to protect the Company's interests, and to serve as trading depots. Here and there were grouped the teepees of the many Indian tribes. These lodges were made of buffalo skins, gaily painted, while scalplocks hung outside, a badge to the fighting prowess of the owner. Dogs, hundreds of them, fought and howled all day, and at night slept with the families. Into this great and lonely waste came John McDougall.

Leaving Fort Carlton the McDougalls made their way to Fort Pitt, a distance of two hundred miles, in about four days, swimming their horses across the turbulent Saskatchewan on the way. Big Bear, the great Indian Chief, was hunter for Fort Pitt in later years. They were in the nick of time to catch Steinhauer the missionary, who was leaving with a party for the buffalo feeding grounds. With him were Peter Erasmus,

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a famous interpreter, and Benjamin Sinclair, a Swampy half-breed who at one time had been assistant to Robert Terrill Rundle, the first missionary. Together they proceeded to Maskepetoon, the hunting grounds, and John McDougall had the thrilling experience of participating in his first buffalo hunt. Shortly afterward the elder McDougall returned to Norway House, and John was left to face the winter with his new found friends.

He chose to make Edmonton his headquarters. The winter was severe, and food became scarce. He volunteered to go alone with a dog train for dried meat and medicines, although it was necessary to travel over one hundred and fifty miles, mostly through blizzards. On the way he met the mail packet, and, as it could not be opened on the trail, and being certain that it contained news from home, he turned about and raced back to the mission, making one hundred miles in one day! In the spring the Hudson's Bay Company notified the missionaries that, in the future, they would have to purchase their supplies at Fort Garry. It meant a journey of one thousand miles by prairie cart, and required a whole summer. The

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only doctor in the North-West resided at Fort Garry, and there was no dentist nearer than Ontario.

Scarcely had McDougall got settled into his work when the terrifying news was carried to the missions, that the Indians were threatening to take to the war path. Nothing could be done but to build a stout palisade about the missions—and wait.

The rival tribes were growing discontented. The buffalo were becoming scarce, and as we have seen these were food, clothes and shelter to the Indians. Famine stalked the plains; the tribes were suspicious and envious, ready at a moment's notice to scalp and plunder. Then came the worst. Small-pox broke out among the whites, and, when their discarded clothes were taken by the Indians, the plague swept through the camps, spread over the plains, and turned the starving villages into charnal houses. These two plagues, starvation and smallpox, were the hereditary enemies of the Red Man, and wave after wave of desolation, as long as we have any record of these western tribes, carried away multitudes, even wiping out whole tribes.

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John McDougall went everywhere ministering to the stricken minds and bodies of the savages. At last he too fell ill, but the prompt use of simple but drastic remedies soon pulled him through, and while his body still trembled with weakness, he was on the trail again. His father set out to join him from Fort Garry, covering the distance in nineteen days. Everywhere along the trail he saw fleeing bands of Indians, terror stricken, escaping if possible from the dread destruction.

It was necessary to hunt the buffalo, and northward went a party with John McDougall. While there a messenger arrived in haste to tell him that the disease had entered his own home. Without a word he wheeled his horse about and dashed off, arriving after dark. His daughter Flora was dead, others of the mission were dying; unaided they buried their loved ones in the garden.

The Blackfeet and Crees now became savage beyond all control. They murdered wantonly and carried off food and horses. In a fit of insane vengeance they hurled germ-laden garments of the dead into the dwellings of the whites. Only those camps and mis-

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sions that had scattered at the first hint of the plague, seeking safety in the foothills or far off on the plains, escaped the calamity.

So the years sped along. John McDougall has left books of his reminiscences, and others have been written about him. Only a fragment of all he said and did can be recorded here, but enough perhaps, to leave a lasting picture of the robust and self-forgetful crusader of the Cross, and something of the romance of his heroic labours in the days when the west was young.

In 1865, when he was twenty-three, John McDougall married Abigail, the eldest daughter of Henry B. Steinhauer, and the following year was received as a candidate for the Methodist ministry at Edmonton. We have seen that, before he forsook his teens, he had already been a sort of minister at large. It perhaps only needed the official acknowledgment of his "call" to make his priesthood complete. However, he was stationed at Elk River for a number of years as missionary, and only in 1870 was he received "into full connection," and into the full privileges of his calling. After this he was stationed at Woodville, Alberta, where



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in 1872 his wife died. Some months later he undertook a journey to his old home in Ontario, and returned the same year with his second wife, Elizabeth Boyd. The following year he began his mission to the Stoney Indians at Morley, on the Bow River, forty miles west of Calgary, and entered upon one of the most remarkable ministries ever recorded.

In other Readers you will learn the story of the North-West Rebellion, how Louis Riel led the suspicious and rebellious forces of the plains against what was thought to be a rank injustice. You will also learn that the day was largely saved by the loyalty of many of the tribes. Now this open friendship of some of the tribes, or the frank neutrality of others, was largely the work of such men as Bishop Taché of Fort Garry, Father Lacombe and Rev. John McDougall of Alberta. They understood the Indians, spoke their language, calmed their fears, and promised them that all would come out right in the end. Everywhere rode McDougall advising and warning the tribes, with the result that Riel soon found it hopeless to swing the tribes to his cause, and fled across the border. When

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the second rebellion broke out fifteen years later, once again McDougall used his office to save the West for the British flag.

On one occasion, when acting as the emissary of better understanding, John McDougall stood before the tribe whose chieftain was Sweet Grass. About the chief in a semi-circle squatted the braves of the tribe; beyond stood the women and children. In picturesque language he told them how he had been sent by the Church and the Great Company, to say that their sorrows were shared by the whites, that they would be protected by the Great Queen's soldiers and that justice and peace would come among them, and then health and plenty. He closed thus:

"I will gladly carry your message to those forts and settlements on the Saskatchewan, and when we are through my men will distribute the gifts we have brought as the evidence of the good-will and wishes of your old friends. . . ."

When McDougall had finished his speech a profound silence fell upon the picturesque group. Sweet Grass called out, as he faced his tribesmen, every inch of him a chief:

"Shall I voice the multitude?" For reply came a thundering "Yes!" Thus he spoke: "We are thankful to our friends in the north who have not forgotten us. In sorrow and hunger, with many hardships, we have gathered here, where we have grass and timber, and since we came, buffalo in the distance, few, though still sufficient to keep us alive. Your coming has done us good; it has stayed evil and turned our thoughts to better things. We feel to-day that we are not alone; man is numerous and God is great. We are thankful for the gifts you have brought with you. We will smoke and forget, and if there be wrong, will forgive."

On another occasion the Stoney tribe with whom John McDougall was buffalo hunting, were suddenly alarmed by a war party of Bloods, rushing out of the timber bluffs. The missionary was surprised to find his friend, Chief Sotaina, at their head. Using his knowledge of the Indian language and character he effected a truce, which a few days later included a visit of Sotaina and his band to the Stoney Camp. The Stonies were greatly impressed with the appearance of

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the Bloods, their fine trappings, but especially with their rifles and revolvers. Seated in a circle about a camp fire, the pipe of peace having been passed, McDougall addressed them. Speaking afterwards of the episode he said:

I dwelt largely upon the benefits of peace, spoke of the inevitable change soon to come; told them that now the land was without government and men did as they pleased, but the day was near when murder, wrong and theft would be stopped, and that the power which would do this was powerful and merciful. They need not fear the future so long as they aimed at doing the right thing between one another and all men. This great power would make no distinctions; the white man and the Indian, of every tribe and nation would stand the same before it. . . .

This was the Great Spirit's wish; this was what His word enjoined. We were brethren, the land was big, and we could all dwell in it in peace."

Sotaina replied: "My people, you now see why I asked John to come to our camp. I saw that he was different, and when he spoke to me I felt that he was indeed God's man."

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I listened to him and heard things which touched my heart, and now you have heard him. Let us try and be ready for the change that is coming. He says that there are many white men like him, friends of the Red Man, who wish us well, and will help us to a better future."

This incident is typical of many more. John McDougall had established himself in the affections of the Indians. They trusted him, when they would only too willingly have wiped out every trace of the whites. He spent himself in the service of his God, laying siege to the hearts and minds of the natives of the plains. He was also untiring in his efforts as a maker of empire. Over and over again he would prophesy that the vast expanse of the prairies would become the homeland of teeming multitudes, living in comfort and security. From tribe to tribe he went proclaiming his Lord, and also heralding the new era of settled government, peace and good will. The Dominion Government had no more faithful emissary on the plains, and his achievements are written into the very structure of the organized governments of the prairie provinces.

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On one occasion McDougall found himself in the camp of the Sarcees, a particularly ferocious and aggressive tribe. There was no time to turn back, so he went bravely forward. Chief Bull's Head led the way to his lodge, the two chatting together as they walked on. Entering the lodge a curious crowd soon gathered, and McDougall spoke to them in much the same manner as he had spoken to the Blood Indians just described. But the Sarcees had no use for such ideas of brotherhood. However, that night McDougall slept in peace in the lodge of the chief, and in the morning was much surprised to see the chief bringing in his horse. The chief greeted him, and asked whether he was surprised to find that his horse was not stolen. "No, chief," replied McDougall, "I slept in your camp just as I would expect you to sleep in my house. The one great Father watched over us all. Are we not His children?" "Do you think so?" smiled Bull's Head. "I am sure of it," replied the missionary boldly. "Well, I like that," answered the Chief.

Shortly afterwards McDougall had the opportunity of proving his faith in the dawning brotherhood of the West. Scouts rushed up

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to Bull's Head and told him with great excitement that their ancient enemies threatened an attack. McDougall, having learned that they were his good friends the Sarcees, told the Chief not to fear, for they were anxious to be his friends. Furthermore, he proposed that they make a visit to the Crees, declaring that they would receive a warm welcome. In a short while they were on their way. The tribe, nearly a thousand strong, proceeded on their way, men on horse back, women on horse back drawing the travails with their effects, the children and others on foot. As they neared the camp McDougall hurried on ahead, and told his friends that the Sarcees were coming to visit them on his invitation. An escort was immediately sent out to meet the Sarcees while others made ready the camp. That evening a great meeting was held at which all joined in singing many well known Christian hymns in Cree, a language known to both.

The year after McDougall began his mission in the Bow River Valley at Morley, so named for the great pulpit orator, Dr. William Morley Punshon, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police arrived at Fort Macleod,

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Alberta. The date is important—Oct. 19, 1874. Macleod took its name from the colonel commanding the Mounted Police. Col. Macleod also gave Calgary its name, naming it after Calgary Bay in the north of Scotland where he was born, the meaning of which is "clear running water." At this time unrest was increasing everywhere, lawlessness could not be curbed, and whiskey running was debauching Indians and white men alike. In fact the whole West was a huge powder magazine ready to blow up. Then came the Mounted Police. They had the moral support of the missionaries and of the Indian Chiefs. Such noble men as Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet, Big Bear and Sweet Grass of the Crees and others petitioned the government to aid them against the whiskey runner, but until now no help had come.

McDougall was charged with the important duty of commissioner. He went everywhere among the tribes to tell them of the new force. At last he came to the lodge of Crowfoot, one of the greatest braves who ever ruled a tribe. McDougall addressed the Blackfeet.

"I told them of the coming of the Mounted

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force across the plains, and the purpose of their coming. Tribal war was to be suppressed, and whiskey trading and horse stealing, and all crimes were to be done away with. I exalted British justice, and made much of the equality of men in the eyes of the law. When I had done Crowfoot took my hand and placed it on his heart and said:

“ ‘My brother, your words make me glad. I listened to them, not only with my ears, but also with my heart. In the coming of the Big Knives with their firewater and quick shooting guns we are weak, and our people have been woefully slain and impoverished. You said that this will be stopped. We are glad to have it stopped! We want peace! What you tell us about this strong power, which will govern with good laws, and treat the Indians the same as the white men, makes us glad to hear. My brother, I believe you, and am thankful!’ ”

When another treaty was to be made with the Indians, the Government profited by their past experiences and asked McDougall to act as their agent and prepare the way. You will recall that most of the trouble before had been due to the fact that the Hudson's Bay

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Company had disposed of its land to the Dominion of Canada, and that surveyors were sent in to map out the territory without consulting the Indians or settlers. The agents of the Government were arrogant and soon aroused a murderous enmity in the minds of those, who, not understanding what it was all about, feared that they would shortly be dispossessed of their lands. When the new treaty was to be made, however, McDougall visited the camps of the Indians, carefully explaining the nature and purpose of the whole business, and giving them the guarantee of his word of honour that they would be treated with justice.

In the winter of 1876 McDougall's father got lost in a blizzard and was frozen to death. That same winter news was brought of a woman dying 175 miles distant. Off McDougall dashed with a physician through storm and bitter cold, but to arrive too late! So went on the years. Sorrow had descended upon his own home only too often. His loved ones had passed away while he was far distant upon missions of mercy to others. Food was scarce and he divided his own small store. Broken hearted he forgot

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himself to speak comfortable words to others distressed. In sickness he ministered unto them; untaught he instructed them; lonely he visited them. Greater love had no man than this.

As the years passed the prairies became a land of peace and settlers flocked in. New men were needed to supply the mission stations now springing up. As Superintendent of Indian Missions he went to Ontario for more helpers, and to entice them, like a Spartan general, he offered nothing but hardship. But soon the railroad went through, cities sprang up as if by magic, and the days of the greatest suffering were gone for ever. And then with bewildering suddenness came the second rebellion. McDougall immediately offered his services, and was as quickly accepted. To his duties as chaplain were added those of Government Agent. He went with the troops, giving splendid advice to them regarding the country and the natives. He was General Strange's confidant, interpreter and friend. Then when the Rebellion was over he visited Ontario with three of his Indian friends, Pakân, Samson and Jonas Bigstone. If ever missions were justified they

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were in the eloquent speeches of these men in the cities of Ontario. And if ever a missionary was justified by his works, John McDougall was in his tried and true friends, these chieftains of the once savage Cree and Stoney tribes.

John McDougall was a born pioneer. His sturdy thick set body was made for heavy tasks. His mind was illuminated with a beautiful picture—the peace, prosperity and righteousness of a vast empire on the plains. His heart was warmed by unstinted love to all mankind. His spirit, hungry for the conquest of the minds and souls of men, drove him through difficulties and dangers enough to break the bodies and spirits of all but heroes. “My family lives at Morley,” he used to say, “but I live everywhere.”

Honours came to him in abundance. The Government, as we have seen, made him a trusted confidant on many important missions. His Church made him Superintendent of Indian Missions, and later President of Conference. He was made Special Commissioner for the Department of Indian Affairs, and Commissioner for the Doukhobors. Victoria College bestowed upon him the hon-

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orary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Then he invaded the world of letters, and wrote books of stirring tales of the West, volumes of reminiscences, and historical articles for the press which are among the most valuable documents we have of those times. He not only established missions and built churches and schools, but preached in them, taught and inspected them, and endowed them with his own noble spirit. Ambassador between the tribes, he was the ambassador between the tribes and the government, and later their most eloquent champion in the older settlements of Eastern Canada and England. Many journeys had he made for the purpose of telling the people of their inheritance in the West, and of the miraculous change in the life and character of the tribesmen.

In 1906 John McDougall was superannuated, but he could not cease work. Duties were insistent and he forgot himself in the service of his fellow men. He even consented to contest Calgary in the Provincial election, and as late as 1916 was a leading spirit in the great Stampede at Calgary where he had made his home. In 1914 he was appointed judge of the juvenile court at Cal-

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gary, and his administration of this office was marked by his rich humanity and strong common sense. The Bible Society revised the Bible in Plain Cree, and McDougall was entrusted with the translation of the first five books of the Old Testament. And so John McDougall drew near to the end of the long, long trail, but to the very end pouring out his rich life in a long procession of costly offerings for others.

On December 13, 1916, John McDougall's old friend, Father LaCombe, famous Roman Catholic missionary to the Blackfeet Indians, the Black Robed Voyageur, passed to his reward. On January 15, 1917, John McDougall, Prophet of the Plains, also joined the great company. One of his sons was in the trenches, and he insisted on going to the station to bid farewell to two more. There he caught a chill which developed into la grippe. He was announced to preach in Central Methodist Church, Calgary, the following day. He kept his appointment, then went home, and in a few days was no more. His body lay in state like that of a great statesman. His funeral was the symbol of a nation's mourning. When his body passed

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through the city on its last journey, the streets were thronged with a vast multitude of sorrowing people. The Northwest Mounted Police formed the guard of honour. Of those who spoke at the funeral service none was more impressive than Jonas Bigstoney, Chief of the Stoney Indians. The great lonely west had become a kingdom by its own right. The scattered huts of the settlers had grown into great cities. The old trails had become great highways, along which sped transcontinental trains. Savagery had made way for civilization. But for many a long year, ought we to keep in remembrance the words of Chief Bigstoney, when at the funeral he bid farewell to his friend, John McDougall, the Great Heart of the Plains.

"As far as I can remember I am going to tell you, and speak a little. While our land was free, and the country was free, our friend here met our father on the plains. They followed him as a friend and brother, and had faith in him, and in his teaching. As he found us, all our families were pagans. All these teachings dropped, and we are now following in his steps. And as far as I can

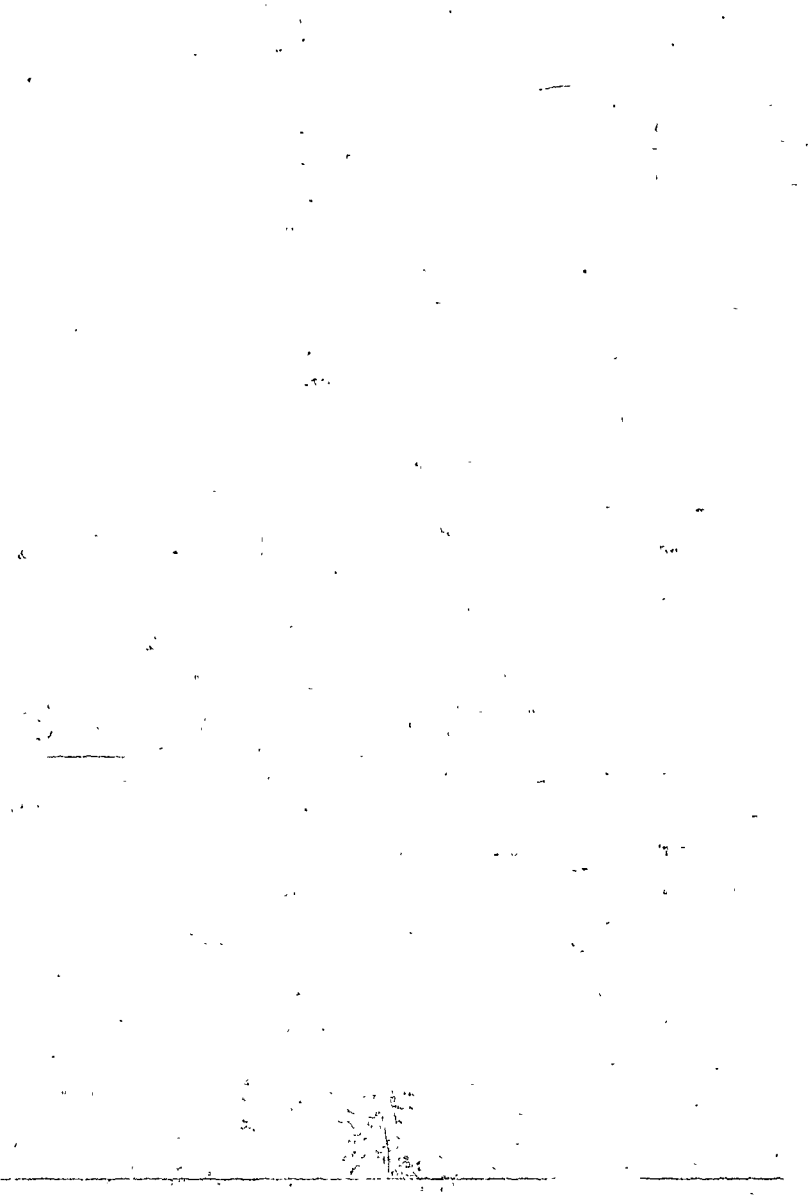
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remember, day and night, storm and shine, we always found our friend here to do his duty. Just as we remember him to-day, and all our lives, we will strive to follow him. All the tribes, the Stonies, Crees, and Blackfeet, all have the same feeling of loneliness, just as you have all here to-day. There may be difference as to the colour of the skin, but we have one aim as brethren."





# THE RYERSON CANADIAN HISTORY READERS

## 1. HEROES

- 1A. \*Sieur de Malcomsuve—*Lorne Pierce*
- 1B. \*Comte de Frontenac—*Helen E. Williams*
- 1C. Pierre la Moyné d'Iberville—*Norman McLeod Rogers*
- 1D. \*Marquis de Montcalm—*J. C. Sutherland*
- 1E. \*General James Wolfe—*J. C. Sutherland*
- 1F. Sir Guy Carleton—*A. L. Burl*
- 1G. \*Tecumseh—*Lloyd Roberts*
- 1H. \*Sir Isaac Brock—*T. G. Marquis*
- 1I. The Northwest Mounted Police—*C. F. Hamilton*

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- 2B. \*Madame de Verchères—*E. T. Raymond*
- 2C. Laura Secord—*Della Dingle*
- 2D. Marguerite de Bourgeois—*F. O. Call*
- 2E. Sisters of St. Boniface—*Emily P. Wallace*
- 2F. The Strickland Sisters—*Blanche Burns*

## 3. EXPLORERS AND COLONISTS

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- 3C. Samuel de Champlain—*Adrian Macdonald*
- 3D. Hébert—*The First Canadian Explorer—Julia Jarvis*
- 3E. Robert Cavalier de la Salle—*Margaret Lawrence*
- 3F. Henry Hudson—*Lawrence J. Burpee*
- 3G. Alexander Henry and Peter Pond—*Lawrence J. Burpee*
- 3H. Anthony Hendry and Cocking—*Lawrence J. Burpee*
- 3I. Pierre Radisson—*Lawrence J. Burpee*
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- 3K. Samuel Hearne—*Lloyd Roberts*
- 3L. Simon Esnair
- 3M. Lord Selkirk—*Capt. William Martin*
- 3N. Sir John Franklin—*M. H. Long*

- 3O. Captain Cook—*Mabel Burkholder*
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- 4B. \*Siege of Quebec: British Régime
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